

A NIGHT
WITH THE CHARTISTS.

FROST, WILLIAMS, AND JONES.

A NARRATIVE OF ADVENTURES

IN MONMOUTHSHIRE.

*"The incidents deeply interesting; and though strange, yet not more strange
than true."*

LONDON: *

W. M. CLARK, 17, Warwick Lane, Paternoster Row; CLEAVE, 1, Shoe
Lane, Fleet Street:

AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.



PORTRAIT OF THE LATE CHIEF JUSTICE TINDAL,
WHO PRESIDED AT THE TRIAL OF THE CHARTIST LEADERS,
IN MONMOUTHSHIRE.

PREFACE.

THE following extraordinary narration of adventures may appear to ordinary readers as bordering too much on the marvellous, to be easily credited. But a reference to the diurnal press of the period, and but more especially to the "Times" Newspaper, of November the 12th, 1839, or to the published report of the Monmouthshire State Trials, by Messrs. Butterworth & Co., Fleet Street, in 1840, will fully show, that nothing but well proved facts, and veritable occurrences, are here related; in fact, such reference will prove them considerably less romantic even than the account given by the usually business-like reporter of the "Times."

The narrative was written at the especial request of several of the narrator's friends—then too far removed from the scene of action to be cognizant (as far as their friend was concerned) of the memorable occurrences which took place at Newport, on the night of the 3rd and the morning of the 4th of November, 1839, by the Chartist Insurrectionists. The Editor, with a desire to show the folly of such fool-hardy attempts; and to point out, to how much suffering, annoyance, and danger, innocent persons may be subjected—has obtained permission of the Author to lay before the public on its eighth anniversary, the adventures he encountered during a *night with the Chartists* in Monmouthshire, headed by Frost, Williams, and Jones.

London, November, 1847.

A NIGHT WITH THE CHARTISTS, IN 1839

“ Truth is strange, stranger than fiction.”

FEW of the reading public can have forgotten the insane attempt at insurrection made by the *Chartists* in Monmouthshire, at the latter part of the year 1839, when a body of misguided men, many thousands in number, led by three persons, whose names have so frequently of late been before the public, namely, *Frost*, *Williams*, and *Jones*, were discomfited, and totally dispersed by a small detachment of the 45th regiment, amounting to only twenty-eight men, at the Westgate Inn, at Newport, in Monmouthshire.

The outbreak was to many a memorable one—to too many a fatal one—to myself a fearful one ; and, but for an irregularity in the legal proceedings, would have been to the three leaders, a terrible and an awful one—they were all three condemned to *Death* ; and, though their lives were spared, they are doomed (unless her Majesty mercifully shorten the period) to drag out the remainder of their days in the penal settlements of South Australia.

It is not my intention in this article to chronicle the incidents of that absurd conspiracy, or to trace the causes which led to its ridiculous, though melancholy, termination ; but, to render the adventure about to be narrated more fully understood, it is necessary to glance at a few of the facts in connexion with its history ; the more so that time has now softened down the angry feelings, and rubbed off the asperities of temper, then engendered by that most ridiculous attempt at revolution.

Mr. John Frost was well known to, and much respected by, me ; and, up to the time of his becoming a delegate to the Chartist Convention, I was not only on friendly terms, but in political agreement with him, both of us inclining to what was then considered the *Radical* side of *Whiggism*, now the politics of the majority. When Mr. Frost became publicly a lecturer on, and a supporter of, Chartism (though our social intimacy continued), our

political agreement was disrupted; so much so, that on many occasions I publicly opposed, not only what Mr. Frost advocated, but also the sentiments of his friend Vincent, as well as those of Jones. Of Zephaniah Williams, I knew but little: simply that, he being a publican, and myself a brewer, I had merely a *commercial* knowledge of him.

With William Jones it was different: on my first acquaintance with him, I found that he possessed considerable mechanical ingenuity and tact, and, in consequence, occasionally employed him; a farther acquaintance proved him to be a man of more than common-place talent in his rank of life; and, being a member of a philanthropic society to which he also belonged, I took some interest in his well-being: and when I found that he had joined the Chartists I did all I could (as did many others) to detach him from what I considered a dangerous party. Finding, however, that, although he received my remonstrances with respect and attention, he still persisted in connecting himself with the Chartists, and became a public lecturer in favour of that political creed: *I tried harsher means*—I assisted in causing his suspension from office in our benevolent society. That not succeeding, his friends (many of them) went further: they ceased to hold converse or communication with him, and no longer recognised him as an acquaintance.

These observations would be unnecessary, but that I shall have presently to mention an incident that, under these circumstances, redounds highly to the unfortunate man's credit. Previous to the outbreak I had been connected with our parish as guardian of the poor, and was one of the committee of inspectors of police; and stood in the relative position just stated with the three great leaders of the Chartist movement, *Frost, Williams, and Jones*.

The morning of Sunday, the 3rd of November, 1839, was "ushered in with clouds," promising a wet day. The weather does not always keep its promise in this respect—but on this occasion it did most faithfully—it turned out a regular *drenching wet day*—and what appeared worse, a wet night too; the sequel will shew, however, that the wet that night not only saved my life, but, most likely, the lives of hundreds of others also.

On the morning of this eventful day, I started from Pontypool with a neighbour, in my gig, for Newport, on my way to Cardiff, in Glamorgan-shire, to visit an invalid sister. On my arrival at Newport (ten miles on my journey) failing to get other conveyance on to Cardiff, and the horse's shoulder showing symptoms of being galled, I was compelled to ride him the rest of the way (twelve miles) to Cardiff. On arriving there, I was a second time wet through. (I had changed part of my clothes before, at Newport). Again I got my clothes dried, paid my visit, and returned in the same way, in the evening, to Newport; again wet through. During the process of once more drying my dress, I was informed that the authorities of Newport had received information that the Chartists, thousands strong, were coming down that night to attack Newport, led by Frost, Williams, and Jones. On hearing this, as soon as possible, I repaired to the Westgate Inn, where I found Sir Thomas Phillips (then Mr. Phillips) the Mayor, with the military and a large force of special constables. The Mayor assured me the report was to be relied on, and advised me not to proceed home.

The cry of "The Chartists are coming," like the cry of "Wolf," had so often been given before, that I turned a deaf ear to the Mayor's kind recommendation, ordered my gig, and, with my friend, started for Pontypool! Would we had not!! We proceeded slowly, in consequence of the horse's galled shoulder, for above six miles, when it was evidently becoming worse; so much so, that after considerable jibbing the horse fairly stood still, and would not proceed farther. The Cock Inn at *Cross-y-ceilog*, kept by a customer of mine, being close at hand, we determined on leaving the poor brute there, and walking the remainder of the distance (four miles) home. We saw the horse properly attended to, and set off per turnpike-road, on foot, for Pontypool, regardless of the reports that the Chartists were coming. We reckoned, however, without our host,—*they came!* We had reached the great oak at the *Race Farm*, within about three miles and a half of home, when we suddenly heard the heavy tread of a multitude of feet, and ere we could exchange a question and answer, were surrounded by hundreds, perhaps thousands, of armed men; for the night was so pitchy dark, that the eye could not penetrate the gloom a single yard in advance. The first words I heard were from a voice which I fancied I knew (and it appears I was right in my conjecture; it was the unhappy man who first fell in front of the Westgate Inn, at Newport, on the Monday morning), uttering, with military authority, the command, "*Halt!*" He then demanded my name and business, and also my companion's; on my mentioning who I was, there was an evident sensation, whispering, and communicating around us. On this, he demanded if we were armed; and, notwithstanding he was answered in the negative, we were instantly ordered to be searched, during the performance of which ceremony (not over gently performed) I addressed the leader, stating that I was certain I was perfectly well known to him, and to most of the assembled throng, and that, if any violence were committed on the persons of my friend or myself, he would be held responsible. The answer was,—"*Hold your tongue; obey orders, and you'll be taken care of; offer resistance, or attempt to escape, and it will be the worse for you.*" He then ordered four pikemen to take possession of, and guard, the prisoners; which, to their credit be it said, they did most carefully; and, in addition to the four pikemen, two rough and determined fellows, with pistols, took me under their especial care and protection, and never left my side for hours.

I knew every turning, lane, and bye-road between Pontypool and Newport. My business, for years, took me every week, sometimes twice or thrice, down to Newport, and that, too, by all the roads wherever a house in my business existed; so that the bearings of all the turnings were as familiar to me as if I had made a regular survey of the country. I, in consequence occasionally cast a furtive glance down any avenue where I knew there was a chance of a run for it; but I was always foiled. The fellows with the pistols seemed to read my intentions by the turning of my head, for it was too dark to see my face; and when I did look down a lane, I was reminded in terms the most gross and disgusting, that if I even looked aside again I should have a bullet through my head. During this time, we made several halts, and it was evident that there were communications being

made between our party and some one in the rear; which I have since learned was with Jones.

And here let me do justice to that misguided man; two years after my having witnessed the awful ceremony of sentence of death being passed on him and his co-leaders, by the late Lord Chief Justice Tindal (and never was that dreadful and awful duty performed with more solemnity and truly Christian feeling than was evinced on the occasion by that great and good man), I was informed by one of Jones's friends, who was no doubt of his party, that, though then in the rear of the section of which he had the command, he was speedily informed of my capture; and that, on hearing it, he instantly forwarded instructions to the front that I was by no means to be allowed to escape, *but that no violence was to be offered to my person*. I have no doubt the first part of his order had reference to my connexion, before alluded to, with the authorities of Pontypool, fancying I might be there for information; but his care for my personal safety must have been induced by kinder and nobler feelings,—*a remembrance of my friendship in past days*. Had I been aware of this act of his, at the trial, he should most certainly have had the advantage of its being given as evidence in his favour. But to return to my narrative.

In this way we were marched (in that dark and dismal night, with the mysterious tramp, or rather the plash, of thousands of feet about and behind us—the very uncertainty of the numbers making the mystery more fearful), in the direction of Newport. When we reached the *Marshes*, a series of low, flat meadows, within a few hundred yards of the turnpike-gate of that name, and within about a mile of the town itself, a halt was ordered, to wait, as it appeared, the coming up of those in the rear. Knowing that the brook which runs in a zig-zag course through the Marshes, must, from the quantity of rain that had fallen, be flooded, and being well acquainted, even in the dark, with the old road which lies immediately beyond it; having confidence in my swimming; and, above all, having been told a few minutes before that the prisoners were to be armed and placed in the front of the forces, as the insurgents entered Newport; I made up my mind to make an effort here to get away from my vigilant guards. I addressed the same silent, cold, almost wordless individual who was evidently the leader of the van, for permission to cross the hedge, assigning a reason for the request; his answer was curt, —“*Yes, to the hedge.*” I took advantage of the permission, and immediately, instead of stopping at the hedge, leaped over the fence; but, unfortunately, found myself half immersed in the water of the ditch, which I had calculated on clearing; it was nearly proving a fatal leap to me! and, as I have since been informed by the solicitor who conducted Jones's defence, would have been my last leap, but for the slipperiness of the bank. The moment I leaped, one of my guards, guessing my intention, levelled his pike, and made a lunge at me with all his might, but, providentially, from the cause stated, his foot slipped, and I escaped by a miracle from being pierced through the body by his murderous weapon. But my danger was not yet passed; on perceiving that the pike had missed me, an incarnate fiend

sprung to the hedge, and, with imprecations the most horrible, pointed a rifle at my head, exclaiming that he would draw the first trigger, shed the first blood, and blow out my brains. The cold rifle barrel touched my cheek; I moved it on one side with my hand; I heard the ruffian's horrid exclamation—the click of the cocking of the hammer—of its falling on the nipple of the lock—and I thought it was all over with me!

It was rather astonishing, that though all this occupied only a second or two, I never lost my presence of mind. I said to the villian, "for Heaven's sake don't both shoot and drown me." Fortunately the rain had wetted his powder, his gun did not go off; and thus was I again providentially rescued from what appeared inevitable assassination. Several of the insurgents then crossed the hedge, and forced me back, at the point of their pikes, into the road; and I was again a prisoner.

After waiting some time in that heavy rain, my clothes now perfectly saturated with water, and besmeared with mud; shivering with cold, and surrounded by reckless and desperate men who had just attempted my life—we were joined by the party expected, and which I understood was accompanied by Jones; but if that was so, he studiously kept out of our sight, for neither my friend or self saw, or heard him, during the whole of that fearful night. The party were now ordered to march, and we proceeded to the turnpike-gate. On our arrival there, we, the unhappy prisoners, were thrust into a cow-shed on the opposite side of the road, and found ourselves more than ankle-deep in accumulated filth, impossible to sit, and most miserable to stand. We could hear, from the voices, that we were still guarded by the same worthies who had exercised such vigilance over us from the first: and thus we remained for nearly half an hour. The voices ceased, and one of the party who had been hovering about us during the night, and, whenever he had an opportunity, attending close to my fellow prisoner—entered the hovel. (I learned afterwards that he had been trying all the night to obtain the liberation of my companion, to whom he was known.) He very kindly enquired if he could do anything for us. I instantly begged him, for God's sake, to get us out of that beastly place, and to remove us, if possible, to the gate-house, where, at least, we might get ourselves warmed. He promised to use his best endeavours; and, after a few minutes absence, returned with the desired permission. We were immediately removed, guarded as before, and soon found ourselves in the midst of the poor misguided, miserable creatures, who thought themselves capable of revolutionizing an empire. They had taken forcible possession of the turnpike gate-house; some of them had blackened faces, the soot partly washed off by the rain—some were disguised with strange dresses—some with their faces covered; but all, woefully wet, wearied, cold and comfortless. Never shall I forget the kindness, or the astonishment of poor old Mills, the gate-keeper, when he saw my condition, and was told that I was a prisoner to the ruffians who had taken possession of his dwelling. I had been long known to the old man, and had gained his good opinion by some little acts of kindness which I had rendered him. He was much excited on seeing me, so

much so, that the kind old fellow cried and condoled with me; got me water to wash the dirt from my face; procured me a dry pair of stockings; and, apologising for having nothing in the house to give me to drink, proffered, for the purpose of warming me (as he said), to fill me a pipe of tobacco. *I smoked it!* yes, in that company, under the awful circumstances that then environed me, I smoked a pipe! It *did warm me*—and perhaps never was a pipe smoked with greater *gusto* than was the short, blackened, and often-used pipe that I smoked on that memorable occasion. I accepted the well-darned old pair of woollen stockings, too, from the good old fellow; and a comfort they were to my wet and wearied feet. I know not if he be still alive, if he be, God prosper him in this world; if not, may he be rewarded for his kindness, in another and a better one. But to proceed. About this time, messengers were mysteriously passing and repassing, in and out of the toll-house, and it was evident something of moment had, or was about to occur. Numbers were called over and answered to; when a whispering took place, and we were ordered to be removed to an empty room above stairs. In addition to our former guard, a ruffian with a rifle—who I now recognised as the same man who had recently attempted to blow out my brains in the Marshes—was added. He took up his position at the head of the stairs of the little apartment which formed our prison. This reinforcement to our guards was certainly not the most agreeable to me, for the miscreant had just boasted that the next trigger he pulled on me should be more successful than the last, for that he had taken care to provide himself with *dry powder*, had reloaded his piece, and was now ready for me. (It may not be out of place to mention here, that whilst in the room below, so wet was the night, so saturated the men, that many of them emptied their pockets of handfuls of gunpowder in a state of semi-liquidity). How strange is human nature! Surrounded by blood-thirsty men; guarded by fellows armed with deadly weapons; particularly the ruffian who had an hour or two before attempted, and since had threatened my life; shut up in an empty room, without a chance of escape; wet through; shivering with cold; not a brick even for a pillow, or a mat for a coverlid; I stretched my wearied limbs on the bare boards and slept! yes, *slept*, gentle reader, for near an *hour*! I was awake, shivering as in an ague, and leaving a watermark impression of my figure on the floor, by the stern voices of our guards, and by the mild one of my kind friend, who had watched over me while I slept, informing me that orders had been given to march!

Of course we had nothing for it but to obey; and now came, with me, the great difficulty; for, on changing my stockings, the gate-keeper had placed my shoes near the fire to dry, and they had, in consequence, shrunk in size, and, from the excessive fatigue I had undergone, my feet had swollen considerably; so that I found it impossible, with all my efforts, to get on my shoes; the consequence was, that I had to re-commence, through dark lanes, over rough roads, wet to the skin, shivering with cold, with blistered feet, and *without shoes*, our dreary march.

It was a dreary march! the early part of our journey was comparative

comfort to this part of our weary way. Frequently halting, for (as it appeared) instructions, I found we were not going direct to Newport, but were wending our course by *Pen-y-lan*, on the road to the *Cefn* and *Risea*. At the former place we again halted, and to our great gratification obtained some refreshment and the comfort of a warm fire, at the beer shop of kind Mrs. Jones.

I had already discovered the advantage of showing—or at any rate of assuming—a confident and courageous bearing; and here, whilst my guards were discussing sundry pots of double X and rations of bread and cheese, I entered into a discussion with the fiercest of them on the “*Points of the Charter*.” This, and perhaps my having paid for a few quarts of beer, so far softened my stern sentinels, that the friend who had obtained our liberation from the cow-house was allowed, at my request, to assist me in getting on my shoes, which, after some trouble, and slashing them with my penknife, was effected. During this process my assistant whispered that Mr. Frost was at the *Welsh Oak*, a short distance ahead, and that our party were waiting for his orders to join him there. I instantly saw the advantage of this information, and, slipping a piece of coin into his hand, I begged him to announce to Mr. Frost, as soon as possible, the situation I was in. Again we were ordered to advance; and, at about seven o’clock in the morning, we reached the *Welsh Oak*. On our arrival there we were at once taken to the tap-room, still guarded as before. Having proved the advantage of beer amongst our guards at the *Cefn*, we again had recourse to the same innocent bribery, and ordered immediately a copious quantity to be supplied them. Here also our mysterious friend was true to his promise; he had found Mr. Frost, who now entered the room with him. He looked unusually pale, haggard, much fatigued, and evidently dispirited. On entering he immediately inquired “Where is Mr. B——?” With unfeigned joy, I started up, presented myself to him, and answered, “Here I am, sir.” He then asked, evidently surprised at seeing me, “What had brought me there?” I referred him for an answer (pointing to them) to the *amiable* party who had taken such especial care of us during the night, not forgetting to inform him of their kind intentions and practices towards *me* in particular. He was evidently annoyed; and, after sternly glancing round him, he turned to me, and said, with a milder look and manner than he had before assumed, “Sir, I respect you as a friend and as a gentleman, but I *hate* your politics; you are discharged.” “And my friend of course?” I asked. “Who is your friend?” he demanded. I told him. “Yes, and your friend,” was his rejoinder.

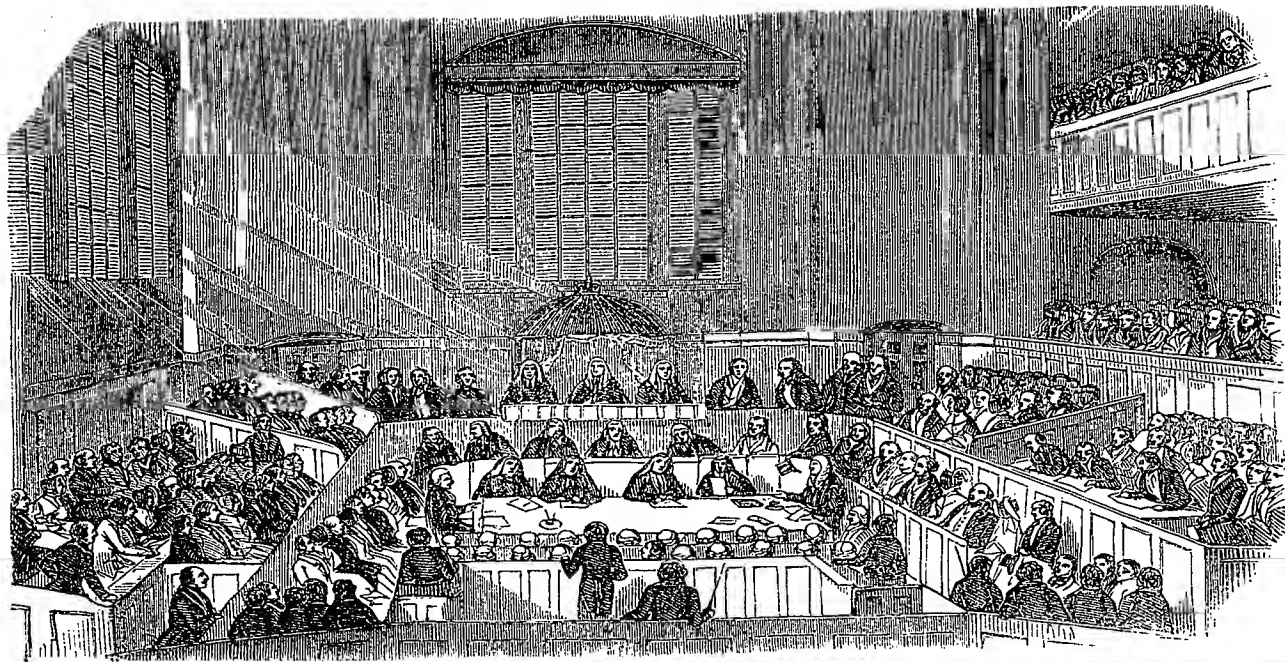
I cordially thanked him, and requested an escort through the assembled thousands, lest other parties might again detain us. This Mr. Frost immediately ordered.

It was now day-break, and we were conducted through hosts of drenched, begrimed, fatigued, and many apparently frightened men, who lined the road for a considerable distance, without let, hindrance, or molestation.

This party was the section immediately under Mr. Frost's command, waiting for the other divisions to join them, and consisted of several thousands of men, nearly all armed, some with pikes, fixed on well-made handles or shafts, some more roughly made; crude spears, formed of rod iron sharpened at one end, and turned into a loop at the other as a handle; guns, muskets, pistols, coal mandrills (a sharp double-pointed pick-axe used in cutting coals), clubs, scythes, crow-bars; and, in fact, any and every thing that they could lay their hands on. The whole presented one of the most heterogeneous collection of instruments and munitions of war that ever were brought into the field to compete with disciplined and well-armed forces. It was folly; it was frenzy; it was sheer insanity; downright madness!

As soon as we had passed the last phalanx of these misguided and unfortunate men, this mighty mass of all but madmen, we deemed it safest to leave the high road and fly to the mountains. We took the nearest course, regardless of bridges, boats, brakes or brambles, and made straight for the hills. A word here in favour of my *ci-devant* friend, Mr. Frost: his opportune interference in my behalf most likely saved my life, and I am grateful for it. Had the party by whom we were first made prisoners pursued their original plan of entering Newport at the north-eastern end of the town simultaneously with Frost's and Williams's entrance by the two great approaches from the west and north-west, there is little doubt (Jones not having appeared) that the threat of placing us with muskets on our shoulders in the front ranks would have been carried out: this Mr. Frost could not have helped; he would not have been with that section; but, when the party having us in custody joined Mr. Frost's division, had he not so kindly interposed his authority, and so fortunately set us at liberty when he did, the same fate would have probably befallen us, and we might have been numbered with those (and innocently too) who lost their lives on that melancholy morning.

This exercise of his authority in our favour—an act which probably saved our lives—was urged by the Judge in summing up to the jury, as much in favour of Mr. Frost's humanity, however it might tell against him, as proving him to have supreme command over the insurgent forces. The same learned authority also pointed out other parts of my testimony which favoured the general character of Mr. Frost, as a husband, as a father, and as a friend. Yes; it was a fortunate thing for me on that occasion, that I *was* on friendly terms with Mr. Frost. It was a more fortunate thing for me that Mr. Frost did not forget our friendship on that perilous occasion; and, whilst memory holds her seat, I shall ever remember with gratitude his interference in my favour on that eventful morning. There are few men, who, when by their own acts they have committed themselves for life or for death, would be so considerate for the safety of others, more especially when that party and themselves are in an antagonistic position to each other, as we were in regard to Chartism. Mr. Frost knew full well, that the steps which he had taken previously and



A VIEW OF THE SESSIONS HOUSE.

on that decisive morning were a series of overt acts against the law of the land, and were in fact acts of treason. He knew also that on liberating myself and friend, he was supplying the country with evidence of that treason; yet the kindly feelings and humanity of Mr. Frost towards me were paramount to all selfish feelings: he *committed* himself—but he *emancipated* me.

Soon after eight o'clock in the morning the two fugitives found themselves resting their wearied limbs at the foot of *Twym-bar-Lwm*, a tumulus at the south-western end of a range of magnificent mountains which terminate near the little town of Risca on the Ebbw. There, with the mountain for their altar—with Heaven's canopy for their temple; they found themselves in safety offering, with grateful hearts, thanksgiving to their God for their deliverance from danger and from death!

The day opened in loveliness and splendour; it seemed as if it were a July day adjourned, to cheer the more melancholy month of November. The sun shone out most brilliantly, and his slanting rays impinging on the villages and houses, which a few hours before we had passed in darkness, in misery, and in dread, in the neighbourhood of the *High Cross*, the *Cejn*, and the *Welsh Oak*, reflected back his beams with a softened refulgence as if no crime or commotion had ever been there. Newport, too, we could partly see. We watched to see the expected fires blaze forth: we listened for the booming of the guns—but no! we neither saw nor heard either, and we hoped that the infatuated men had paused in their mad career, and had returned to their mountain homes. Alas! vain were our hopes,—at that very moment the fatal conflict was going on—at that very moment several of the misguided men were being hurried into eternity. They had, by this time, attacked the Westgate Inn, and the handful of soldiers in self-defence were compelled to return their fire and repulse their attack; and, whilst my friend and myself, so recently delivered from danger, were enjoying this glorious morning—doubly glorious to us, after that perilous and awful night, the unhappy authors of our captivity, were many of them rolling in the streets of Newport, in the last quivering agonies of a violent and sanguinary death. The romance of our adventure was now ended. After many restings on the purple heather of those lovely hills to ease our wearied bodies—and weary indeed we were—we reached home in safety. A warm bath relaxed our stiffened limbs, and a few hours sleep gave us back our strength and activity; and, though with me it has entailed a chronic rheumatism which will most likely last me for life, we suffered less than might have been expected after such severe fatigue as we endured on that fearful and never-to-be-forgotten night.

Here let me do justice to my kind friend, who was my fellow prisoner and co-sufferer on the occasion. He was a mild and unobtrusive man, and amongst the Chartists excited no suspicion of being there for sinister purposes. (Not so with me—they fancied I *had* an object in being there.) He, doubtless would have been allowed to proceed home, but for his being taken

in company with me ; in fact, he afterwards informed me that he had several opportunities during the night to escape. But no ; he availed himself of neither, but, in the true spirit of pure friendship, preferred mixing his fortunes with mine, and stuck to me until the last.

During our toiling across the mountains, he had frequently to bear nearly my whole weight on his arm, to enable me to make my way towards home. But for his aid and presence, a very different result to me might have been the winding up of that dread adventure.

I immediately, when sufficiently rested, wrote a note to, and communicated personally with, the Lord-Lieutenant of the County (Capel Hanbury Leigh, Esq.), the particulars of what had occurred to us on the foregoing night. We were, in consequence, sent for by the examining magistrates, and were bound over in recognizances to give evidence in a case of *life and death* against our personal friends and acquaintances. Painful as was the task, we did not shrink from it. We gave our evidence faithfully, honestly, without "anything extenuating or setting down aught in malice;" and, though the doing so entailed commercial losses of a most ruinous nature on myself, and a great falling off in the trade of my friend, we only performed an incumbent duty—a duty which we owed to *ourselves*, to our *country*, and to our *God*.

B. B.

